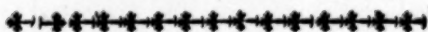


The Disconsolate Maid.

A Continuation of The
BANKS OF THE DEE.

Same Tune.



THUS sang the fair maid on the banks of the river,
And sweetly re-eccho'd each neighbouring tree;
But, ah! these fond hopes must vanish for ever,
Since Sandy can ne'er see the Banks of the Dee.
On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,
In a foreign grave his dear body's now lying,
Whilst friends and acquaintance in Scotland are crying
For Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

'Twas honour & bravery made him leave me mourning
From unjust rebellion his country to free;
He left me, in hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
For this he despised each danger and peril,
'Twas thus he espoused Britannia's quarrel,
That when he return'd he might crown me with laurels
The happiest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his death to be glorious,
Tho' dreadful the thought it must be unto me;
He dy'd, like brave WOLF, when the troops were
victorious;

Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree!
Yet, tho' he is gone, the once faithful Lover,
And the schemes we had formed of happiness, over,
No doubt he implor'd divine pity and favour
For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.